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She took my hand: I understood each thing
  The leaf says to the flower when, both adoring,
  See like themselves, leaf-shaped and flower-painted,
The sun descend, to bathe in painted shade.

She led me out—we left the leafy croft,
  And its wet fragrance, for the treeless town;
  But she picked up a dead leaf in the mud,
And she found flowers in the children's hair.

Then she was gone—and I am seeking her:
  And every time at evening when it rains,
  And every time at morning, when the sun
Bathes in the beauty of that leafy place,

Or when he looks into an urchin's eyes
  To see if April tears or smiles are there,
  And the wet dust scents summer leagues away,
I hold my breath—the Eternal Maid returns.

A BRETON NIGHT

The winter seal is on the door.
  Three women sit beside the fire
Silent, and watch their shadows sprawl
Like sombre wolfhounds on the floor.

One "Christus," nailed upon the wall,
  Pities the young wife great with child,

Whose mate lies drowned beneath the sea.
She cannot tell how to bear it all,

Or live till Noel sets her free,
  When she need not fear the quick and dead,
That every nightfall step the stair,
Awaiting the Nativity.

Now she will rise in her despair
  To look out through the leaden panes
Between the wall-bed and the hearth;
And hear the wind like sea-waves there.

She does not know how, in the earth,
  The dark blind seed doth hear the wind,
And think of death, and dream of birth,
As the window sends the firelight forth.

SONNETINA: PUNCH AND JUDY

This is the play of plays. Come, boys,
  Old men, and little girls, and see
  The rogue outdone in roguery,
And hear his lovely dreadful noise!
There is a catch in Punch's voice
  When he escapes the gallows-tree,
  That takes the heart outrageously
And makes the rascal street rejoice.
This is that antic play that made
  The mummy laugh (when he had blood),